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NTERS FOR BOOMERS.

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C CRY is God's paper. It is di-
to a simple, plain proclama-
of the truth, and being full of
date facts, it is more powerful
any tract could possibly be. And
there are large and powerful so-
cieties that exist for nothing but the
distribution of tracts. It is also more
than any religious tract, be-
cause it has to be bought, and what
pay for, as a rule, they look
for a return therefrom. An GAZ-
ZETTE into the hands of the re-
unanswerable proof of God's
power to save all kinds of sinners. A
doubt record of Christ's dying
thousands have been saved
by it.

WAR CRY is the official organ
of the God-honored movement of
the second advent. It tells of the
final triumph of God's cause.
It testifies how we can have
people one in heart and per-
son; how we can love one another
most firmly to our principles; hold
the hands of our leaders and
the hearts of our brethren-sisters.
It is religion in prac-
tice; it is unites nations in the bonds
of brotherhood; it shows the light of the
cross upon the heathen, and
of Calvary downy upon the
wreath among every kindred;
social organ, a spiritual or
missionary organ, a temper-
ance organ. You have no occasion to
med of pushing it.

WAR CRY is a paper devoted
to God. In pushing it you
are not pushing "Pep-
per," or "Pearl's Son,"
"Sarsaparilla." Tens of
thousands have been re-
ad year that might
have been given to
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enterprises. Not this
or man's pocket. The
lesson of it is for God
member this, and use
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THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XII. No. 18. [General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, FEB. 15, 1896. [General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] PRICE 2 CENTS.



AS IT OUGHT—AND AS WE HOPE IT WILL BE!

CHRISTIANITY (to Lord Salisbury and President Cleveland)—"Men and brethren, representing the Empire and the Republic, there is a better way to
settle your disputes than by recourse to arms. Will you accept it?"
SALISBURY AND CLEVELAND—"We will!" (They break their swords, and shake hands).

As it Ought to be.

(Our Frontispiece.)

MAY our frontispiece soon see a settlement in fact. Peace Christians' daughter, with the radiant Star of Hope glittering from her forehead and the dove of peace pressed to her breast, has already spoken from various sources to the great statesmen who stand at the helm of the British Empire and the Republic respectively. God grant that her message may be heard!

At a meeting in Manchester, over which he presided, Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, in the course of his address said, "against the Venezuelan dispute, it would be hard indeed if the common sense of the Anglo-Saxon race was unable to settle any dispute without war. (Cheers). . . . War with the United States of America appealed to himself, and doubtless to his hearers also, to be enveloped with the unnatural horrors of a civil war, which with any nation is a tort to be avoided at all costs except dishonor."

Mr. Balfour also said he trusted and believed the day would come when the better statesmen in authority—more fortunate than even Monroe—would assert a doctrine between English-speaking peoples under which war

would be impossible. (Cheers.)

—II—

CAPTAIN AND MRS. GILLETTE, in Moscow, Idaho, write in the same strain. "Pray for victory in our own lands and in the hearts of our compatriots. Sisters are leading God's Holy Spirit. Yesterday was a glorious time and two souls—Every soldier on the mountain-top."

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CAPTAIN COCKERILL, too, from quite another quarter, writes in his own characteristic style. "We are on our way to the Army. You can count on us as local soldiers of the Army. Our motto is SOULS won for Jesus! Eighteen have been saved since the new year."

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CAPTAIN STATAS' teathly sounds the right note for victory. "I can," she says, "from my deepest heart say I love my dear Jesus and our precious Army more than ever. I mean with God's help to be what A REAL SALVATIONIST ought to be. I love our Army, I love my work, and my whole desire is to live so that I may have an inheritance in yonder city that faideth not away."

How much pure joy there is in the service of soul! "I LOVE IT MUCH," repeats ENSIGN ELLIOT, recently arrived in Newfoundland Home. "I love it, and I believe God is going to give me the victory. I feel I am where He wants me. He shall have His way with me. I thank Him for the victory at St. John, N.B. I took back and feel truly God did help me. I lost such a beautiful lot of former girls. They got up a tea for me before I left. One girl gave me all her month's savings towards it. I told her to do it, to keep some herself, she might need it. But no one said who only wished it. It was twenty dollars! This was a thorough sacrifice, saved and doing all she can."

ITEMS FROM THE BROCKVILLE MAN.

During my first visit to PERTH I was very pleased to see the change in the appearance of tilings all round. Three saved drunkards graced the platform. I also enrolled three recruits.

At KEMPVILLE a young man proposed to find more.

On Christmas and New Year's days we conducted special meetings. On Christmas night Daniels, Robert, and Alice McSquirl were dedicated.

We have now four Squirrels and a Fox in BROCKVILLE.

On New Year afternoon a sister sought the Lord.

At our out-post, ALFONQUIN, I dedicated Maud Desmond Kirkby.

MORRISBURG reports several souls lately. Crowds are very good, finances ditto.

We have launched our "Aggressive Covenants" in the District, and we are going in to do our very best for God during the next three months.

Also in the great War Cry Boom, Lord, help us to do our level best in this line!

JAMES MC HARG, D.O.

We clip the following from Training Home Sharpshoots: God bless the Commandant! Twinkler was one of his late in the old C. D. days. We used to call him father. His welcome home at Regent Hill was a grand one. His looks at the dear lads and lasses on the platform seemed a wee bit suggestive. All the lads, of course, say they are ready for anywhere. I wonder if there is anything in it!

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"We have eighteen girls just now, and there is such a spirit of repentance amongst them. Thank God! I love to

"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

(MY MOTTO).

FROM

Mrs. Booth's Office Table.

Thank God for the rise of thinking that comes from every side. CAPTAIN THOMAS, of Port Arthur, concludes by saying: "As for myself, I want to tell you that above everything else in the world I praise God for my salvation, and for the privilege He has given me of fighting in my country's Army. We have victory in my heart, and victory in the corps. TEN have fought and won salvation since Sunday week. We have a band of thorough good soldiers."

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May the Lord help us all to be living monuments to the mind, "God is helping and blessing us in the Home," writes ENSIGN HOLMAN, of the City Club, New Haven. "We can see that people are coming to us here under the influence of liquor. God is making them see themselves. SINNERS, and helping us to walk before them that they can understand that IF THEY WILL there is a better way for them to live. I don't think we have anything to complain of, or murmur about, nor that there is anything that we are in want of—except that we need ANOTHER OFFICER. One who would love this kind of talk. For such a one I could find almost any amount of work. In the Lord's time I do hope He will send some one."

The Lord's time is NOW. But, alas, how many there are who hear His voice urging them to come to our help, and all the answer they can give is, "Lord, here am I, SEND SOME BODY ELSE!"

The following cheering note is from ADJUTANT STEWART, of the prosperous Reservoir Home at Parkdale: "We have eighteen girls just now, and there is such a spirit of repentance amongst them. Thank God! I love to

see them under real deep conviction of sin. They don't forget it when they have accepted the Savior. One last night this morning stood up with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged she had not been living up to the light she had, but she had given herself anew to God, and invited the rest to watch her for victory in the corps. We need more of the fire of the Holy Spirit. I have consecrated myself anew to do all in my power for those around me."

—II—

ST. JOHN, N.B., DISTRICT NEWS NOTES.

1868 finds us praying and arranging for a THREE MONTHS CAMPAIGN commencing in February. We have just come from a Staff Council held at Moncton. It is generally known that if you can move the Staff victory is sure to come.

ST. JOHN L.—Oh yes! we are moving on at old No. L. Sunday last was a good day. At night three souls sought mercy. We have every reason to believe for a revival at No. L. CAPT. KENWAY and LIEUT. SELIG have been working hard at No. L, and having some souls. They say goodbye to No. L Sunday next.

CARLETON, N.B.—CAPT. EMMA ALLAN and LIEUT. GOODWIN are getting along well. Carleton. There is deep sorrow just now among the Captain and Lieutenant before separated. Captain Emma Allan goes to Newfoundland, and Lieut. Goodwin goes—well, she will know soon.

FAIRVILLE, N.B.—CAPT. RAYNOR and LIEUT. MCLEOD have fought a good fight here.

HALLUCUJAH WEDDINGS.—Ex-Captain Rufus and Bro. Linton were united by Brigadier Scott a few weeks ago. A nice crowd attended the meeting.

CARLETON WEDDING.—Ex-Capt. Crossman and Bro. Wm. Smith, of Campbellton, were made one in the grand old S. A. colors on Christmas night.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—I spent a very good Sunday here a short time ago. Captain informs me of a coming enrollment and re-commissioning of old officers and bandsmen.

ME JOIN EM.

KENTVILLE CIRCLE CORPS S.D.

NOTES.

Our S.D. effort this year was quite a success, notwithstanding the cry of hard times and impending war. We were as usual anxious to do our very best, led on by our beloved Ensign.

The first one was held in KENTVILLE on Thanksgiving Day, the Prebyterian church being kindly lent us by the Rev. W. P. Begg. There was quite a good audience, although a very cold evening. Then the Methodist church in KENTVILLE was very kindly loaned by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Fisher, to whom the Army is indebted for many kind acts. The audience was a good one.

At BERWICK we had the pleasure of having the Methodist church loaned by the Rev. G. W. F. Glenfiddie, the Rev. Alex. Tutte kindly entertaining the Ensign and doing all in his power to make the meeting a success. During S.D. Week Capt. McKay collected \$14.17; Lieut. Hitchie, \$6.50; Mrs. Raines, \$2.82; Mrs. Scholten, another \$2.00, and together \$24.00. People here, too, who thought nothing of distance, walking ten miles, got \$6.61, so with \$6 collected by another, with a few smaller amounts we finished the campaign. The Methodist minister, in Kentville, Rev. T. E. Atkinson, offered us his church afternoon and evening of December 5th, and gave us the collection in the afternoon and a portion in the evening. We thank God for helping us, and go forward believing for constant victory.—NIC-NAC.

I would like to add that we have had the pleasure of another visit from Ensign Galt, accompanied by several musicians. Captain Plessis Johnson, Cadet Bell Forsyth and T. M. Smith. One dear little girl very naively remarked, as they stepped on the platform, "They were prettier than any of the people around them." We had a good meeting with one soul at the close. The next day the party left for WATERVILLE, where they had a beautiful meeting in the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mr. Allen, extending to us a standing invitation.

instead of overcoming in God's way, they tried their own, and only serve to charge themselves with the folly of such a step. But our God, named a brave crew, still lives today, follows, guides, and punishes the world, and the salvation of men. Surely, how so roofed we are sick, too, with better skill.

We are saved by the enemy, and we ticklers, who raised the dragon, got restored, and are now in peace. Fifteen or more plunged into a fountain, and testified to a shark, some others for deliverance.

Victory was up so that many now desecrate themselves to the grand bank to be granted us, from encumbrance, and range

to Garnish. Lieut. Green and Reid got a passage on a schooner skipper of which was a Royalist, but himself and crew trust us very highly. May God save them! Garnish, however, did not fight away without an effort, having victory, and one

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THE GENERAL'S Australasian Campaign.

(CONTINUED)

BRISBANE.

In continuation of his Brisbane visit the General spoke at a magnificent Social meeting in the opera house, packed from floor to ceiling.

He also addressed the Hon. the Colonial Treasurer (Mr. T. B. Tozer), and it is a coincidence worth noting that he, like so many of the General's châtelains on this tour, undertook the same duty four years ago.



H. FRASER, Esq., Mayor of Brisbane.

On rising to introduce the speaker of the evening, Mr. Tozer congratulated The General on his return to Queensland, and officially, as a member of the Government, heartily welcomed him to the Colony.

The General's address needs no description. Those who have heard the General will realize it better than words can tell; those who have never heard him assure you will form no conception anyhow.

At the conclusion of the speech, when after nearly two hours' rapid and emphatic talking, The General sat down exhausted, one realized the truth of a remark he had playfully made himself—"They call me an old man, but they use me like a young one."

The finishing day of Brisbane's demonstrations were devoted entirely to personal spiritual dealing. In the morning and afternoon, the officers sat under the thrilling advice and counsel of the General. The serum of God's grace flowed very freely.

At night, the soldiers and recruits joined with the officers and the evening meeting was a Heaven on earth. There were many soldiers present who had come from all along the coast up to a thousand and fifteen hundred miles away, even from Cooktown and Thursday Island, to see the General. Two hundred and fifty people publicly abased themselves before God in this Brisbane series, which the Pentecostal Sergeant, Major Graham, analyses as 110 for salvation and 140 for the higher spiritual life.



A Queensland Social Institution.

BUNDABERG.

Population 5,000, 200 miles or more north of Brisbane; one of the great sugar centres. It is of interest to note that the town further west visited by the General on this tour, and also one of the three new places which were new ground to him.)

A day of fatiguing travel rendered the less wearisome by the business transacted en route, landed Bundaberg's great visitor and party at the local railway station somewhere near six o'clock.



THE GENERAL
IN THE OPERA HOUSE

There was the imposing mayoral welcome, his Worship tendering the General words of cordial welcome, and speaking in strong appreciation of what he was pleased to call "the noble work" of the Salvation Army. The General replied in words which were a foretaste of what was to follow, being driven off at length to the residence of Mr. Cran, a sugar magnate.

On Thursday the Queen's Theatre was densely packed. The chairman, Alderman McConville, in his opening remarks, claimed the General was no stranger, for he had been well and favorably known to Australia for many years past, and his name was a household word.

The day having thus been cleared, the General stepped forward and before he had spoken a dozen sentences the curiosity that wanted to see what sort of a man General Booth was had a thousand satisfied, and the audience turned out to good listening. They are not a really demonstrative people, and when the spirit did move them to applaud, they were in a strait between two—whether to clap in keeping with the theatre, or shout aloud to match their blood-and-fire company. They eventually compromised by doing both.

MARYBOROUGH.

(A flourishing town of 12,000 people, with two Salvation Army corps actively at work.)

The Town Hall, engaged for the General's appearance, is a commodious structure, but was ridiculously inadequate for the need.

The Hon. A. T. Wilson, M.L.C., graciously addressed the audience, "An Army ring about it." He spoke to "the friends and adherents of the great Salvation Army," and voted it superfluous that anyone should introduce "the greatest and best-known old man of the age."

The General was in more than usually good trim, and his wit struck fire at every good blow he delivered, like sparks fit from the smith's anvil. The absence of an Army flag from the platform was a circumstance from which he extracted many a pleasant story.

Aberman Barthologow, the general's host, negotiated the vote of thanks. He bore tribute to the Army's success in reducing the sin and misery around.



Brisbane, from Convent Hill.

Maryborough was only privileged to hear the General once. He arrived just before his meeting hour, and was met by a dense crowd, leaving for Gympie early next morning.

GYMPIE.

(While Maryborough is the port of the Wide Bay district, Gympie is its goldfield—the bank where the district keeps its money.)

The General's reception here took place at noon on Saturday, and the station premises were overrun by an enthusiastic shouting host of miners and their friends. They would have seen Mr. Brydeway out of his welcome speech with little ceremony, and to the rights and privileges of Mr. Smyth, M.L.A., the General's host, there was not a man there but felt he could make the grand old man quite as welcome, if not quite so comfortable.



W. E. GROOM, Esq., M.L.A.
Who met the chair at the General's meeting at Gympie.

The Olympic Hall was the scene of Saturday night and Sunday's battles. Its capacity for excels the other rooms in the church, and the General, according to the local press, filled it faster than it had ever been filled up to Sunday night, but only was every inch of space occupied, but the wide outside balcony was crowded also, and many hundreds were turned away from the doors. Mr. Brydeway, the Mayor, who occupied the chair, said he liked the practical side of the Army's work.

In introducing his Social address, General Booth, in general remitting, quite incidentally that it was his "fiftieth heavy address for the week, besides countless interviews and

the transaction of much correspondence." Gympie people do not lack sharpness of wit; they applauded oftentimes before the General had got his point fairly cut from his lips.

Sunday was a scorcher. With the sun at 100 in the shade, and salvation appeals at red-hot mark, the people who used to be the General had a taste of it. The hall was densely packed at night, and many persons were turned away. It was a hot and stiff fight, but before eleven at night a half-dozen wind-up celebrated the salvation of the 55th soul and the sanctification of the fifteenth.

IPSWICH.

(A flourishing town of a few thousand inhabitants, with the Salvation Army in full evidence.)

This was the General's last port of call in Queensland. The town was a set. The School of Art was full to the doors before the General got there. The streets were thronged with thousands, who could not hope to enter the hall, and whose only hope of seeing the General was to obtain the station platform.

As the train would not leave he the south till Tuesday evening, the General "indulged" in a day'sings over and above the programmed allowance. They were hot-hunting meetings, and scores of soldiers and others claimed purity at the penitent-form.



The Fountain, Toowomba.

Salvation Bowls.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth is somewhat better.

Amsterdam will soon have a postman's Hotel.

The last person that Colonel Barker prayed with in '95 was an ex-jailed.

Major Josette, the G.R.M. man in England, has made up his mind to realize \$50,000 this year on behalf of the Social Scheme.

The Commandant led a very special week-end at the Clapton Congress Hall. Twenty souls came to the cross.

A great welcome demonstration to the General takes place in London on March 16th.

Major Sister asserts that not until the history of the Salvation Army is written shall we fully realize what we owe to the productions, example, and labors of the General's youngest son, and our greatest musician.

Norway is having a special winter campaign. January will be devoted to tabernacles; February to the restoration of backsliders; March to a great deal upon sinners; and April to the making of saints.

A new hall has just been opened at Neustadt, holding 800 people.

During 1895 Brigadier-Hare has given 300 performances at the pentent-form; in his message he adds to still greater numbers of children.

Major Reynolds of London Royal Staff pays a flying visit to Amsterdam, where he will inspect the new Salvation Army Hospital.

Major Stanley Evans, whose appointment to the Mills was canceled before Christmas, is, probably, taking an English command shortly.

The Commandant is company with Colonel Rennell, Inspector of the Trade Department, England, recently. He was greatly impressed by the variety and immensity of the various departments.

Major Harding was compelled to journey to Berlin with the Commandant to secure an "interview." It was the only unoccupied hour of the Commandant's disposal.

We heartily congratulate our Captain comrades upon their late New Year's gift. With all the energy of his fiery nature, Brigadier-Main Hall has thrown himself into the effort, who what excess the total of 470 amply shown.

The
AN ENTHUSIASM

A VIGOROUS and
Address

A COPIOUS, OVERFLOWING
ELECTRIC

THE COMMANDANT
Hall by storm

I have seen large
an S.A. demonstration
in the same place. The
seats over 2,200 people
must have contained 2,
I have seen bigger
away from a hall, which
has been in command,
early as six o'clock,
gorged by that kind
of people, but having
iron gates at four p.m.
comes twenty, thirty, forty
miles, just to say
for the Commandant.

I have seen exhibition
man under almost every
man feeling; but for the
speaking manifestations
of affection, the scene
Hall—when the Commandant
his way to the platform
paned by his sister (who
missioned), Commissioner
Commissioner Carleton
Rallion, Colonel Broad
Nicol, Col. Collier, Major
of prominent Staff-officers
than a general
artist to describe.

The I.H.Q. Band was
the shell; the Birkdale
pentent-form; and the
behind the Commandant.
Across the north-end
gallery was a huge
forming a canopy to
chairs, was the man
color painting of the
the work of Treasure.

Qui soldiers of the C
now officers; and old
but blind Staff—except
the signs of approaching
the way.

Home Office houses a
to blend the eastern
ferred to the notes we
a dozen catacombs they

It was a proud moment
marked by the year
its centenary. The
area. His lips trembled
like was used to
strong emotion, and we
see that the curtains
and too much for him
only for a moment. I
in the whilst, and he
British Commissioner
sister, saluted a
times, and then sank.

But it was a proud
International, and British
soldiers. We re
salute for the repa
with the band, and the
language. For months a
in Canada, whilst
at their head, b
the cloud of crest made
The cloud burst made
bunker's head. We
prayerfully awaited t
the passing away of
it has passed away.

been a great and imp
The Commandant
and upright com
well-defined fe
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return. He has been

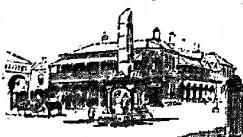
the transaction of much correspondence." Gympie people do not lack sharpness of wit; their replies oftentimes before the General had got his point fairly out from his lips. Sunday was a scorcher. With the sun at 104 in the shade, and salvation appeals at red-hot mark, the people who came to hear the General had a time of it. The hall was densely packed at night, and many hundreds were turned away. It was a hard and stiff fight, but before eleven at night a hallooing wind-up celebrated the salvation of the 56th soul and the sanctification of the fifteenth.

IPSWICH.

(A flourishing town of a few thousand inhabitants, with the Salvation Army in full evidence.)

This was the General's last port of call in Queensland. The town was a fest. The School of Art was full to the doors before the General got there. The streets were thronged with thousands, who could not hope to enter the hall, and whose only hope of seeing the General was to obstruct the station platform.

As the train would not leave for the south until the day evening, the General "indulged" in a day's meetings over and above the programmed allowance. They were holiness meetings, and scores of soldiers and others claimed purity at the pentent-form.



THE FOUNTAIN, TOOWOOMBS.

Salvation Newslet.

Mrs. Braumwell Booth is somewhat better.

Amsterdam will soon have a poor man's Hotel.

The last person that Colonel Barker played with in '95 was an ex-jailbird.

Major Jolliffe, the G.B.M. man in England, has made up his mind to realize \$60,000 this year on behalf of the Social Scheme.

The Commandant had a very special week-end at the Clapton Congress Hall. Twenty souls came to the cross.

A great welcome demonstration to the General takes place in London on March 16th.

Major Sister asserts that not until the history of the Salvation Army is written shall we fully realize what we owe to the productions, example, and labor of the General's youngest son, and our greatest musician.

Norway is having a special winter's campaign. January will be devoted to candidates; February to the restoration of backsliders; March to a great rally upon sinners; and April to the making of noblemen.

A new hall has just been opened at Nectecum holding 500 people.

During 1895 Brigadier Miles had seen 900 adults at the pentent-form in his meetings in addition to still greater numbers of children.

Major Reynolds, of London Rescue Staff, pays a flying visit to Amsterdam, where she will inspect the new Salvation Army Hospital.

Major Stanley Ewens, whose appointment to Madrid was canceled before Christmas, is, probably, taking an English command shortly.

The Commandant, in company with Colonel Bremer, inspected the Trade Department, England, recently. He was greatly impressed by the variety and immensity of the various departments.

Major Harding was compelled to journey to Harwich with the Commandant to secure an "interview." It was the only unoccupied hour at the Commandant's disposal.

We heartily congratulate our City Commandant upon late Booms March. With all the energy of his fiery nature, Brigadier Maxima Blaauw thrown him into the effort, with what success the total of 470 plainly shows.

The - Commandant - in - Britain!

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AND DEMONSTRATIVE RECEPTION.

A Vigorous and Humorous Address.

A COERCED, OVERFLOWING, AND ELECTRIC RINK.

GHE COMMANDANT took Regent Hall by storm last Monday night.

I have seen larger crowds at an S.A. demonstration, but never in the same place. The historic Rink seat over 2,200 people—tonight it must have contained 2,700.

I have seen bigger crowds turned away from a hall, when the General had been invited, but none so early as six o'clock. The hall was crowded by that time; in fact, scores of people were hovering round the iron gates at four p.m., some having come twenty, thirty, and one or two fifty miles, just to say "Hallelujah" for the Commandant.

I have seen exhibitions of enthusiasm under almost every degree of human feeling—but for free, loose, eye-speaking manifestations of unabated affection, the scene in Regent Hall—when the Commandant wedged his way to the platform, accompanied by his sister (the Field Commissioner), Commissioner Howard, Commissioner Cartier, Commissioner Maitland, Colonel Brumfitt, Colonel Nicol, Colonel Higgins, and a crowd of prominent Staff-officers—would take more than a pen or portrait artist to describe.

The I.H.Q. Band was perched on the shelf; the Binkers' Band on the pentent-form; and the Cadets' Band behind the Commandant's chair. Across the north-end facing of the gallery was a huge lettering, "Welcome, Commandant!" Below, and forming a canopy to the entire orchestra, was the mammoth water-color painting of the Farm Colony, the work of Treasurer Morrell.

Our officers of the Commandant's—now officers of the Field—had now all blown their half-hoops to their feet at the signal of approach, and with the fine array—"International, Trendy, Home Office, Hessey and Social Staff to blend the exuberant galaxy referred to—the noise was like that of a dozen cataracts thrown into one.

It was a proud moment for the Commandant, do you think? I grant it, most certainly. Tears rose in his eyes. His lips trembled. His frame, like as ever, was under the spell of strong emotion, and we could plainly see that the catastraps was unexpected and too much for him. But it was only for a moment. He was caught in the whirl, and he danced with the British Commissioner, kissed his sister, salinated everybody fifty times, and then sank!

But it was a proud moment for the International and British Staff and London soldiers. We in England are jealous for the reputation of our comrades and the cause in other lands. For months our beloved officers in Canada, with the Commandant at their head, have been under the cloud of cruel misrepresentation. The cloud burst mainly upon their leader's head. We have calmly and prayerfully awaited the final stage in the passing away of the cloud. And it has passed away. The effect has been a great and lasting compensation. The Commandant, by his determined and upright conduct throughout, well-known Salvationists have called forth the finest feelings of our natures. He has been faithful even to

honor in his troth to the flag. He has been patient when his motives have been impugned, and wise and generous in the heat of victory. We like fighting of this description, and we do not care to discuss it, so that when the Commandant's smiling countenance met ours we let go. . . . The hour of our as well as his reward. We believed in him thoroughly when he left our shores. We believe in him more than ever. Our confidence has been mighty strengthened. . . .

After the catastraps came the flow. The meeting went forward like a hush. We sang the old war song with the chorus, "Victory for me."

The eagerness to hear the Commandant was manifest from the beginning, and as he stood up at last the entire house rose and repeated the demonstration of a few minutes before. The Commandant, who looks fledgley fresher in tone and freer of speech, was deeply touched.

THE COMMANDANT'S ADDRESS.

On a certain memorable occasion, began the Commandant, he met a Canadian editor—no less a personage than Colonel Nicol—in the city of Toronto, and asked him at a similar critical moment to the present, "What am I to say?" The "Scotch" reply was characteristic. "Oh, it is very simple—just let it out!" The Commandant replied, "That is all very well, but it is not so easy to let Niagara out through a six-inch pipe!" In the face of this difficulty, we really must congratulate the Commandant, for Niagara poured forth its impetuous waters for something like two solid hours, and the sparkle thereof dimmed not!

"Under the same old flag, on board the same old ship, and, thank God, we haven't sailed in the belly of a shark! It is the pity introduction to his old-time audience, and like our honored visitor made in the same breath confessing—American as he was—I think the half of the hearty, affectionate, and sincere welcome awaiting him on this side had never been told. Stimulated by this cheering up visit, he would the more consecratedly spread and be spent in God's service. He had been telling his people in Canada that we who were promoted into the ranks of the Salvation Army ought, of all folks, to cheer one another up. There were plenty of kicks and blows, scandals and fatalities suffered at us from without surely we could

wake up this, that and the other—I believe in acting." "Well now," said the Commandant, "I am one of those who believe in saying it, and acting it, too!" a fully which entirely commanded stent to the delighted audience.

" . . . What is it that makes people stiff and cold—aye, even in the ease of courages in the Army—when they meet after an interval of time? It is

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEVIL.

of pride, of division, of self, which gets into them. God keep that spirit out, and to come nearer to me I say. 'My tear pay!' He says, 'My tear Redder!' And then I put my arms right round him, and—it wasn't him!"



Mrs. Herbert's Love.

Half the anxieties and anguish the Commandant had suffered had never come to pass. The devil had come to him in the night sometimes and shown him himself, lured out and hanging on a gibbet; he had let him see his dear wife—and he wouldn't "swear" her for all the worms in creation. (Boos of laughter.) She sent her love to her English comrades, and her thanks and wishes, and had often sung the sweetest when she remembered the prayers and kindnesses of those she was privileged to know during the time she was in the British Field (Ouch!). But to return to the situation of the stout-hearted we all been guilty of doing the same thing, of looking at something and saying, "Yes, it is going to destroy me!" and we have put the arms of my soul and of our anguish round it by night and by day, and have been in danger of letting go on God and of our work at the very moment we ought to hold on tightest, and then we wake up one morning and say, "It isn't it! Glory be to God! which the audience re-echoed.

Difficulties.

America, or that best of all countries, the Dominion of Canada—good gracious! I left one country out—England (much laughter)—we shan't be strangers in those parts! Glory be to God!" Now, reader, you have a sample of the delicious mixture of this sparkling speech.

His Battleground.

Right eloquently did the Commandant then proceed to initiate us into the material charms of his battleground, to which he had come from which I come." Most strenuously did he resent even a suspicion of swagger, for he was not like the man who had a steam yacht on the Mississippi with such a big whistle that every time it was blown he had to stop his boat to get up steam again. ("Oh!" and laughter.) There was a good application even to that story—some people were all whistle and no "go." Its immensity—ten days by train and steamboat, running day and night, to get to the extremes of his territory; its climate, in which there are four different specimens disproving the vulgar opposition that it is an abode of ice and snow only, a place where, if you happen to be a little loose in the nostrils,

THEY WOULD IMMEDIATELY FREEZE UP.

so that you could hardly blow your nose again for six months, or where, if you happen to be wetting and closing your eyes they would freeze up! Canada's wealth of grain—sixteen miles straight off of unbroken wheat-fields, with grass up to the saddle-girths, which the horse can pluck with unbroken head, and its unlimited mineral resources! This was Canada! It was but right to report that at this juncture the speaker looked waggishly at Commissioner Howard and said, "You can see my aim in all this—I have got my eye on a good few emigrants! He spoke approvingly to the Commissioner.

Enter, with the last edition, the General staff out to the Northwest, and expressed his belief that our lead-horse hopes and prayers on behalf of the Over-Sea Colony were going to find fulfillment in some measure, if not entirely, in that beautiful country.

And the Battle.

The Battalions Ah, hearts beat quicker at the recital over this head. "Glory to God!" again escaped the Commandant's lips at the very commencement, for once more it had come to pass—but he must bring another of his inexhaustible stock of stories to bear on the point. It was a Dutchman, and they would remember that he was a Dutchman.

"Dutch" over. (Laughter.)

This man had lost his only boy, and went wandering through the world beginning, "I had lost my boy, my tear boy, and I wander about the world looking for him." And then the Dutchman went on to relate: "I was walking through the streets of New York, and thought I saw my boy, and I says to myself, 'Now, is that my boy?' I says, 'I think it is, but I'm not quite sure.' And I goes down to New York and I took a boat. Then I goes nearer to me I say. 'My tear pay!' He says, 'My tear Redder!' And then I put my arms right round him, and—it wasn't him!"

WORDS OF VICTORY AND LOVE TO HER OLD COMRADES

In this country especially. "We carried the corpse of that beautiful girl, he said, "up the main street of that city, where she had fought so many difficulties, and laid her to rest with laurels all but broken." A few weeks before, the feet of their beloved Canadian comrade, Major Jower, touched the Golden Pavement.

At the same time the Commandant did not fail to encounter the devotion of some of his chief officers, notably Colonel Holland and Brigadier-General. In the most trying hours these comrades had stood nobly by him and

the flag! God bless them! (Hearty volleys.)

Then the Commandant related the story of our recent legal victory in the law courts here, "nay, but scrupulously fair," as a contemporary puts it, concluding with the following sentence:

"It was a truly wonderful and inspiring meeting, and one which we hope our Canadian comrades will recognize has meant as much a greeting to them as a welcome to their Commissioner. From the English War Cry.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and salvation of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation Work in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Sales Office, 49 Broadquay, London.

HOME AGAIN!

THIS COMMANDANT has returned from his voyage across the ocean. We welcome him back most heartily. Although the time of his absence and the distance geographically have been less than on some of the long tours taken within the borders of his own Territory, the fact of the Atlantic rolling between our leader and us caused amongst us all a consciousness of his absence which would not otherwise have existed. We therefore say with increased warmth and emphasis, "Welcome Home!"

HERO OF THE HOUR.

THE COMMANDANT has been the hero of the hour. We partially reproduce a very lengthy report from the English Cry, which tells, in the most glowing terms, of a very extraordinary reception given the Commandant by the Britishers, in some respects not surpassed even by the General. But there may say this to you, that the wave of British warmth of welcome higher than high water mark, and no more can be said. This welcome, our British contemporaries hope, will be received by the Army hero as a greeting for them as much as a welcome to their Commissioners.

Thanks, John Bull, we duly appreciate your greeting, and wonder why, with such easy transit and brief a journey, some of you don't visit us. Come and give us a chance to welcome you, and see how we will receive you.

TO ADVANCE.

"A SWEEPING ADVANCE," was the key-word from the Commandant on his arrival. And he has carried this out this message to each Provincial Secretary. The message went just in time to put the last fugit on the fire of enthusiasm engendered by the prospect of the approaching big War Cry Boom, and the Boom effort will be the first response of the War to the Commandant's message from New York.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH, widely known as the Chief Officer in the magnificent Women's Rescue work the Army carries on in Britain, has had a very serious illness, and it appeared at one time as if the end would be ful. Latest advice report, however, are glad to say, a favorable turn in affairs.

The time has been one of supreme trial to the Chief of the Staff. From the sick chamber of his wife he sent a most solemn and touching message to the 3,000 persons assembled at the watch-night service in Clapton Congress Hall. Parts of it ran thus:—"For a week I have been standing beside my dear wife, very near to the borders of the Eternal world. In God's great goodness she is yet spared to the Army, and to my precious children, and to me. It is the crowning mercy of a year which has been to me a year of boundless mercy. "In the presence of great sorrow,

and, above all, in the presence of death, there is nothing we can avail but the present and abiding assurance of personal salvation. All hopes, all friendships, all riches, all consolations, all, all earthly ever had, or ever can have, without the inward certainty which says 'I know I am saved,' are nothing!"

We tender the Chief of the Staff the sincerest sympathy of this wing of the Salvation Army, and assurances of our love and prayers. May Mrs. Bramwell Booth long be spared to direct that most Christ-like work which has brought life and hope to so many dark hearts.

State Talk.

Mrs. Baillington Booth is appealing for candidates for San work, while the Commander calls for 1,000 officers for the field.

Now ground—Atchison and Leavenworth, Kan., Albany and Eugene, Ore., and Philadelphia 12, 14, 15 and 16 are all new openings.

A man has been saved at Ocean, N.Y., who made it his business some time ago to hire hoodlums to disturb the Army meetings.

Promotions.—Ensigns Albright, Blackhurst and Heron are now Adjutants, while Captain Blackburn, of the Trade, and Captain Parson, of the Swedish work, become Ensigns.

Farreys—Major Morton, Northern Pacific Division, and Staff-Captain Gilford, of Southern Michigan, have got farewell orders.

A German corps will be opened in San Francisco about the beginning of February.

The Commander has just concluded the Annual Swedish Congress. There can be no question about the future prosperity of this branch.

The telegraph boys of the Frisco District Telegraph Company took up collection among themselves, and forwarded the sum to the Army to help in providing a Christmas dinner for the poor.

At the watch-night service in the Bowery corps, 132 souls knelt at the penitent-form in a glorious outbreak of salvation.

Mrs. Major Haipin, the wife of the editor of the Pacific Coast War Cry, has been appointed Junior Soldier Staff Secretary for the Pacific Coast division.

The Army in Detroit, Mich., gave a splendid Christmas dinner to 1,000 of the poorest in that city.

The case against Ensign Lamb and Captain Roberts at New Bedford, Mass., was dismissed.



"Move on!"

LONDON.—The policeman told us to move on, Monday night. He's behind the times. We've always been moving on, and always will be. Treasurer Mason was with us with his kit of musical instruments and his far-reaching voice, which seems to have no equal to it. He's the man to get a move on! Sunday night two lasses got saved. One who lives twelve miles in the country returned next night to give God the glory. That's another move on. May God keep us ever moving on. Amen.—Lieut. G. E. for Ensign Richardson.

Ensign Hughes has arrived from Fargo, N.D., and takes charge of the Harmonie Hurricanes.

Captain J. Barr has been appointed Captain B. M. agent for the Pacific Province. He set sail on the 20th of January.

Adjutant Maggs has arrived in the city. What will be his next appointment?

Captain Mansfield has gone off for a G. B. M. tour around the Owen Sound district.

The Very Latest.

Commandant's Welcome AND Announced Farewell!

Ensign Ritchie is preparing general statistics etc. for the J. S. W.

The recruitable and only Ritchie has taken charge of Colchester District.

The latest English Cry includes words and music of the Commandant's song, "Over and over again." The song appeared in our Cry on Dec. 11.

The music of the song on page 11 is by Major Haipin, editor of the San Francisco Cry.

Rev. Dr. Wilson.

"How are you? I suppose you eat know me, but I know you." The speaker was a tall, gaily dressed gentleman of about 40. He made the above remark just after alighting from an incoming train at the main depot, then he advanced to me and shook hands. It was Rev. Dr. Wilson, son of the Evangelical Alliance, New York. The Rev. gentleman enjoyed most warmly after the Commandant, expressed great sympathy for him in the many difficulties and trials during his administration here, especially regarding the action of those who had forced the Army into the law court. The Dr. referred to leaving "our Commander" from the U.S. As far as to the fact that "the Army served me twelve years ago. I let everybody know that," also adding that he has a daughter in the Army work, who is now stationed in York-shire, England.

It was evident from Dr. Wilson's manner that he is our friend in favor of the Salvation Army. God bless him and his work.

The Hamilton Times of January 15 says—This week's issue of the War Cry contains a fine portrait of Mr. Andrew Provost, treasurer of the Hamilton corps, together with a full account of his life. As Treasurer of the Hamilton corps, he has been very successful in raising funds for the new barracks and shelter, having already secured \$200, which he intends increasing to \$1,000.

"Safe here. Affectionate greeting. Now for a sweeping advance. Commandant." This was the Commandant's message to Major Howell as being at New York. The Major wired back: "Central Province warmly greets [you]. Advance we must."

THE LATEST!

FAREWELL!

In connection with the almost universal change of Territorial leaders, Commander Baillington Booth has received orders from International Headquarters, London, Eng., to leave from U.S. charge to the United States. His actual departure will probably not take place for some months.

Headquarters' Crispets

THE COMMANDANT arrived Sunday, Jan. 13th. Look out for report of his welcome meeting on the 24th at the Parkdale Home.

The twenty-sixth of the month! Talk about a Red Letter Day! A right royal Canadian welcome is worth walking miles to see.

Staff-Capt. Harrop has been installed as chief assistant to the C. O. P.

Ensign Hughes has arrived from Fargo, N.D., and takes charge of the Harmonie Hurricanes.

Captain J. Barr has been appointed Captain B. M. agent for the Pacific Province. He set sail on the 20th of January.

Adjutant Maggs has arrived in the city. What will be his next appointment?

Captain Mansfield has gone off for a G. B. M. tour around the Owen Sound district.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH is now out of danger, but very much exhausted.

UNITED STATES.

More War Prospects—A Big Call.

Commander Baillington Booth has issued a call throughout all his territory for an enrollment of 10,000 soldiers into the ranks of prospective officers.

NEW EXPEDITION FOR COMMISSIONER POLLARD

The O. S. C.

On the arrival of the General at Colombo, telegrams awaited him in answer to several inquiries which he set on foot while in Western Australia.

There must have been of a gratifying nature, for Commissioner Pollard is to be soon commanded by the General to return and take command of the troops now under his command. They relate to the presents that he has been made to the General regard the Over-Seas Colony. Commissioner Pollard is presented by the next steamer to Albany, West Australia.

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To the Office

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A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT!

The Commandant & Mrs. Booth to Farewell.

AN IMPORTANT DECLARATION.

To the Officers, Soldiers, and Friends of the Salvation Army.

BELOVED COMRADES AND FRIENDS,—

As loyal and obedient Salvationists, it is now our duty to inform you that it is the wish of our beloved General that we should relinquish our present command, at about the end of April next. We shall, accordingly, proceed at once with our farewell arrangements. It is unnecessary to say that we shall feel most acutely parting from you all. No comradeship is, or could be, more unspeakably precious to us than that which, like yours, has proved its fidelity in the very surest way. We have trusted, loved, and served each other when circumstances have placed the utmost strain upon our fellowship. We have clung to each other in the storm, and gone bail for one another's integrity when the devil and his agents have done their best to cover us with shame. Love so wrought in the furnace, is strong indeed; comradeship so welded in affliction, will make the parting keenly felt. We should, too, have rejoiced more than we can say, had it been the Lord's way for us, to have lingered amongst you till the better development of our plans would have enabled us to see the further conquests upon which we have so set our hearts. For the victories behind we praise God, but there is a special sense in which just now the night is past, and the day of greater triumph is dawning, we should have rejoiced in experiencing with you its sunshine. After standing together so long, in patient resistance of a common foe, it would have cheered us to share the enthusiasm of the all-conquering "charge."

It was in the hope of carrying the judgment of International Headquarters upon this matter that I laid the facts fully before them when in London, and asked them that, if possible, our stay might be lengthened. I found, however, that it was in the highest interest of the universal Army that a large number of territorial changes should take place at the present time, and that mine must necessarily be among them. That being so, I had nothing to say, but that the welfare of the entire Army must be considered, and we would be the first to obey the call, so often given, to sacrifice and duty, by the lips of our God-honored General.

We shall look forward to other opportunities, which will, God willing, be given us of exchanging farewell salutes, when we meet face to face.

Now let us remember that God is our great Leader, and that earthly directors are only of use so far as they bind our hearts to Him. The true test of all spiritual leadership lies in its ability to assist the souls of those who follow to still follow on when the human aid is withdrawn. Certainly it is right we should follow the lead of those who are set over us in the Lord, and it is only fidelity which clings to that which is loved and feels the miss of it when gone, but as it was with the Master, so it is in a sense with His shepherds, "It is necessary they should go," in order that the flock may be reminded that it is to the Holy Ghost, after all, they must look for help that delivers, and for power which keeps.

In conclusion, we would say most earnestly, that should any comrade desire to express his or her appreciation for any small service we have rendered the Army or themselves, there is one way above all others in which they can do so. We would ask you to pledge yourselves to a whole-hearted effort for advancing the Army during the last three months of our stay, and to accept with unswerving loyalty, fidelity and obedience the wishes of our beloved General, who must know what is best for the Entire Army. Be determined to do nothing either in word or deed that would burden your mind with any responsibilities that do not belong to you, but go on with your work of saving souls and bringing in the Kingdom of Christ.

With sincere love and hearty appreciation of all your affection and fidelity.

We are, beloved comrades,

Yours for God and the Army,

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
CORNELIE BOOTH.
Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1896.

A LOYAL TRIBUTE.

The Officers reply to the Commandant's Farewell Announcement.

Jan. 20th, 1896.

X TO COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH.

X DEARLY BELOVED LEADERS:
We have heard with profound sorrow the announcement of your farewell from the command of the Canadian Wing of the Army. You will not think us guilty of flattery when we say that we have learned to regard you with an affection that can only be won by love itself, and a respect which is always and only the recollection of ability. Both of these gifts you have displayed in a marked degree in the development of our work, and in the strengthening of the bonds of unity and concord. When we remember the difficulties by which we were surrounded at the commencement of your term of office, the discord among a certain set of Officers, as well as the shattered state of our finances, our hearts are filled with grateful praise at the marvellous change which, under the blessing of God, has been wrought.

We take pleasure in saying what a feeling of delicacy only has prevented our saying before, that your loyalty and faithfulness to Army principles, your able, fearless and disinterested service, have made a deep and lasting impression upon our hearts and minds. The thought of parting with you is a deep source of grief and regret to us. Nevertheless, we are aware that in the natural order of things changes of leadership must come, and like loyal soldiers we must resign ourselves to what are sometimes the stern demands of the war, whether they bring comfort or sorrow. We trust and believe that others will gain from what to us is we believe a great loss, and from that fact we take courage and consolation.

Be assured that your going will not cause our zeal to slacken, nor our energy to lag. On the other hand, we shall do what we know you will appreciate far more than any personal praise or commendation; we shall rally round and support your successor, whomever God and our dear General may see fit to appoint over us, exhibiting the same whole-hearted co-operation—however feeble—in which we have endeavored to serve you, and if in so doing the War is progressed and God's kingdom extended, we shall feel well and amply rewarded.

Earnestly praying that oceans of blessing and many long years of happy prosperity may be yours,

Your loyal and affectionate officers,
(Signed) THOMAS HOLLAND, Colonel JOSEPH STREETON, Major.
C. T. JACOBS, Brigadier. THOS. COLLIER,
JOHN COMPTON, Major. ARTHUR SMCLETON, Sub-Capt.
JOHN READ, " J. M. C. HORN, "
THOS. HOWELL, " ALEX. MCMLIAN, "

This letter was read in an Officer's Council at Turweston and unanimously approved of and signed afterwards by all the named Officers, about one hundred in number.

Ensign Ritchie is preparing statistics etc., for the J. S. war.

The resolute and only Blackman has taken charge of Cobourg district.

The latest English Cry publishes words and music of the Commandant's song, "Over and over again," which appeared in our Cry on Dec. 22nd.

The music of the song on page 11 is by Major Halpin, editor of the San Francisco Cry.

Rev. Dr. Wilson.

"How are you? I suppose you don't know me, but I know you." The speaker was a tall, sober, dressed gentleman of about 40. He made the above remark just after alighting from an incoming train at the Union Depot, then he advanced to me, took my hand, and said, "I was Rev. Dr. Wilson, of the Evangelical Alliance, New York." Also Rev. gentleman engaged warmly after the Commandant, expressed great sympathy for him in his many difficulties and trials during his administration here, especially depreciating the action of those who had turned the Army into the law court. The Dr. referred to is "our Commander-in-Chief from the U.S.A." up to the fact that "the Army saved me two years ago. I let everybody know that" also adding that he has a daughter in the Army now, who is now stationed in York, England.

It was evident from Dr. Wilson's manner that he is out-and-out in favor of the Salvation Army. God bless him and his work.

The Hamilton Times of January 10th—This week's issue of the War Cry contains a fine portrait of Mr. Alroy Provost, treasurer of the London corps, together with a full account of his life. As Treasurer of the London corps, he has been instrumental in raising funds for the barracks and storeroom, having already secured \$10,000, whilst he intends raising to \$1,000.

Safe here. Affectionate greeting. Complainant." This was the Commandant's message to Major Howell on calling at New York. The Major did not call back. Central Province writes: "Greatly sorry to inform you that Major Howell has not yet returned to Canada. He is now in New York, and is in a state of depression. He is not ill, but is very much distressed.

HE LATEST!

FAREWELL!

connection with the almost simultaneous arrival of Territorial leaders, Commander Burlington Booth has received orders from International Headquarters, London, Eng., to farewells from his charge in the United States. His actual departure will probably not take place for some time.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

MS. BRAMWELL BOOTH is now of danger, but very much extanted.

UNITED STATES.

re War Prospects—A Big Call.

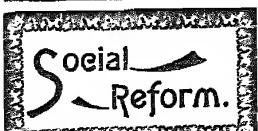
Commander Burlington Booth has issued a call throughout all his territory for an enrollment of 1000 soldiers into the ranks of prospective officers.

NEW EXPEDITION FOR MISSIONER POLLARD

The O. S. C.

The arrival of the General at Albany, telegrams awaited him in several enquires which he foot when in Western Australia. These must have been of great interest, for Missioner Pollard has once communicated with the General to return and follow them up, relate to proposals that had been made to the General regarding the new Colony. Committee proceeded by the next steamer to Albany, West Australia.

THE WAR CRY.



THE SOCIAL FARM.

CHAPTER I.

"Where's Brigadier Jacobs?" This was the query frequently heard around Headquarters, in city, and quite as often as a reply of Captain Hale, the statistician who figures in two scenes at the doorway to the General Secretary's office, was "At the Farm." In fact, "Where's Brigadier Jacobs?" and "At the Farm," was heard so often that the Brigadier had to mildly remind an individual on one occasion that he was "not always at the Farm."

If the reader gathers from the preceding paragraph that Brigadier Jacobs has devoted a considerable amount of time and attention to the interests of the Social Farm, he will be quite correct; the Brigadier has been, and under the advice and help of the Commandant, who has spent hours in studying and planning for the farm, has produced an excellent system on the most approved, up-to-date Army style in working order, and applied to the uplifting and permanent benefit of a hungry, hopeless, impeded humanity—a blessed system, which comprehends the needs of body, mind and spirit, and caters for all.

The Social Farm is our second stage in the General's great plan for ruling the submerged. It fits in thus: You are an out-o'-work. From some cause or other, no matter what, you have got down, down under the feet of the losting crowd, every one of whom are absorbed in their own frantic fight to "make a living." Hungry, homeless, workless, restless, perchance almost despairing of life ever being caught but a weary slavery in the search for "work," your eyes light upon the Army institution for men. "Work for all" is the motto of the Army, and you say, "I'll see if these people will do anything for me."

"Work? Yes, my friend," replies the Social Captain. "we will give you some work. Come into the wood-yard. You go to the wood-yard, you earn an honest penny like any other honest-working man, you feel yourself the better for earning the right to a supper and bed at the Army Hotel opposite, and you raise your head an inch or two higher as you plank down your honest cents for your hot supper in the brightly-lighted Army dining hall."

Good so far, but you want something permanent, your present need has been met, but the future, ah, there's still the future, what of that? "Can these people help me to a permanency?" you query. The answer to that is, "The Social Farm."

Yes, the Social Farm is just the thing. You have become demoralized by your past environment. You need something which will take hold of you and be back-bone to you through



The Homestead on the New Farm.

every department of your being, till you are bright, hopeful, strong and vigorous once again. The Social Farm will do this for you. Thank God!

(To be continued)

"An Incalculable Boon,"



JOE BEEF.

THE Montreal Daily Herald of recent date has some very commendable things to say of "Joe Beef's Converted," our Montreal Shelter for men. The Herald says a noble work is being done, and that our institutions are an incalculable boon to the towns in which they are situated. In the column or so the Herald devotes to "Joe Beef" we are informed that "Joe Beef" was opened in July, '93, and for the year ending June 1st, 1895, 13,815 beds have been occupied, 42,821 meals served, while 3,142 beds and 4,406 meals have been given free partly on medical certificate. The Labor Bureau in connection with the Institution has proved its utility by discovering employment for over 400 men.

A home for ex-prisoners is now suggested.

"Surely," says the Herald in conclusion, "an institution like this is deserving of support, and should have the thanks of every citizen. . . it is quite certain if they . . . counteract the evil influences of such low dives as 'French Mary's,' and kindred hot-beds of vice, come good at least has been attained."

A LIFEBOAT SPECIAL.

On Wednesday evening, January 15, we had with us Mrs. Major Head, assisted by Mrs. Adjutant Phillips and Captain Baldwin. There were 15 all

about sixty men present, who were delighted with the kind, straight words spoken and the good council given by Mrs. Head. One man who is a slave to drink said to me, after the meeting, "She seems to get right to the bottom of it." Another remarked, "He could listen to that all night."

Mrs. Phillips' sister, accompanied by her daughter took Capt. Baldwin and a few well-known world-famous visitors to the Shelter meetings are always appreciated by the men. Although more yielded to God we had the pleasure of seeing the tears finding their way down more than one brown cheek. God bless the sisters. Come again.—H. W. Collier, Capt.

TORONTO LEAGUE OF MERCY.

An Incident.

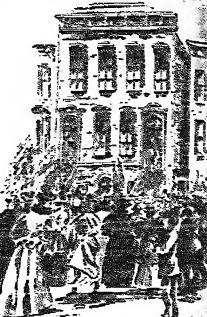
"W HY, I thought you said you were going out last Saturday," said a League of Mercy worker to an Irishwoman in a cell at the Don prison.

"Shure, an' who's a leather right to be going this morn?" replied the Irish lady. "I whas here before the matron."

"But you're been out?"

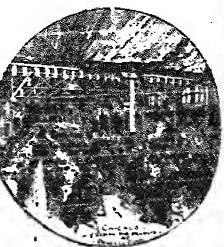
"Och, yes, to be shure, and didn't I make up me mind to touch never a drop agin, but when I got to the gate wan o' me frienks tharled to me jis wan glass o' whisky — only wan, mind—and the policeman declar'd Ois was drizhun, and ran me in; this Colonel he believed the policeman rather than me, and sent me down again. Och, well," concluded the speaker, with a sigh of relief. "Ois better here thin 'ayin' around the street."

ta'n Berry has been appointed matron. It will prove a real boon to the poor women in the city.



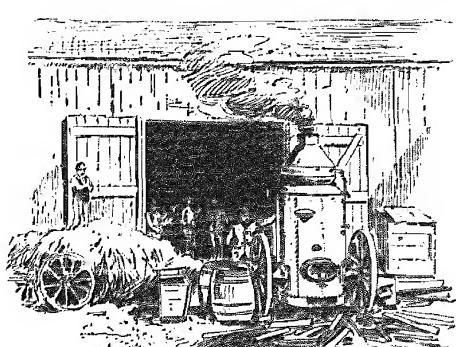
The decoration of the New Women's Shelter Receiving Home, San Francisco.

Miss Beatrice Cadbury, daughter of the famous Cocoa Manufacturer, obtained \$3 in her box last quarter by the sale of nick-nacks to the employes and servants.



The officers in charge of the Ribes Rink, Chicago, gave a very substantial meal on Xmas day to hundreds of the poorest. The papers spoke very kindly of the Army's practical charity.

BED. ALEX. MCLEOD, G.B.M.R.A., EDMONTON.



At the New Farm—Cutting Feed for the Cows.

SOCIAL SHREDS.

Colonel Stitt has some splendid letters of grateful testimony as to the Farm Colony's usefulness from men who have passed through it to success.

The General met the New Zealand Premier and the Cabinet members, when a large building was placed at our disposal for prisoners and the Colonels Work.

The Sackville Shelter, in Copeland, Devonshire, has proved such an immense success that an enlargement is necessary.

The municipal authorities of Christiania, Norway, have given the sum of 1,600 kroner towards the Army Shelter and Labor Bureau.

Xmas festivities at the Hadleigh Farm Colony were of an high order. Colonel Stitt put the whole place in good humor.

The announcement made at the free Xmas dinner to 1,000 of the poorest people in Amsterdam by Colonel Phillips, that a new Poor Man's Hotel would be opened in the Warmestraat (the little District) was applauded vigorously.

A newspaper reporter on the "Saturday Review" went to the Blackfriars Shelter, "prepared to scoff, and came away an enthusiastic admirer," as he himself admits. The interview appears in the review.

The Pacific Coast commandants opened a splendid Receiving Home in San Francisco on New Year's day. Cap-

BROTHER MCLEOD was born in the year 1853, June 7th, in the town of Woolstock, County of Oxford, England. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, who taught their children to love God and respect the Sabbath day. Like many boys, Bro. McLeod would get into trouble on account of his size. He left home at the age of twenty-one to seek his fortune. After travelling through the West for six years he landed in Edmonton, Alberta, sixteen years ago, and has been successful as a farmer ever since. When the Army opened its doors, Bro. McLeod could be seen in the hall listening to the Army bands, telling of a wonderful Captain. Our Captain smote his heart. He felt that he ought to get saved. For months he kept back, however. This summer he came to Jesus and for the first time the Soldier could not sleep at night.

NAPANEE, Ontario, are gaily decorated for Christmas. Afternoon & Night a power of the downtown population, along with Captains, etc., are gathered in the town hall.

PETERBOROUGH, Ontario, are gaily decorated for Christmas. Afternoon & Night a power of the downtown population, along with Captains, etc., are gathered in the town hall.

Prov.

Central

Bracebridge

WORD CAME to farewells. So we myself left for Captain Young a just farewell a service. We read found it short at Where Captain I could not tell. I boys opened a a few hours.

It was a dreary people came to three soldiers I midnight train.

AT BRACEBRIDGE a few hickories just enriched two one into the森森 cold of late zero last Sunday.

CAPT. YOUNG up at Parry Sound victory. **Sgt.** **CAPT. YOUNG** who have just g port sounds the final GEO.

BRAMPTON—In weeks we have souls fall at the Arms. Among the worst drawn. Most of them a as soldiers. **JES.**

WILTON—On

Country in a bright. Ensign will hold special commanding The R. Hartable.

OWEN SOUND beautiful day drill, and God with our soldiers may eight and a crew who make the streets for Ensign Green.

OPEN To the Office of the Government.

My Dear Comr. Having received love and sympathy this method of depth of our fit expression that THE WORLD CAN assure you as it was in the world, fought and died for our dear leaders' privileges for the benefit Again we live. May God abundantly rely on us both.

ADJUTANT

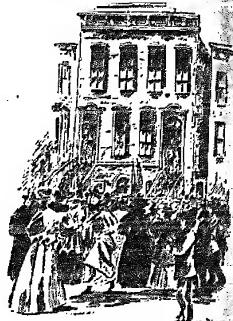
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F. R. BROWN, G.B.M.R.A.,

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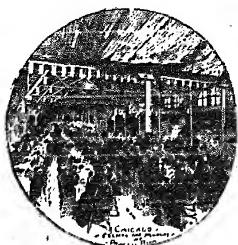
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BRO. ALEX. MCLEOD, Q.B.M.B.I.A., EDMONTON.



BROTHER MCLEOD was born in the year 1850, June 7th, in the town of Woodstock, County of Oxford, Ont. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, who taught their children to love God and respect the Sabbath day. Like most boys, Bro. McLeod would get into trouble on account of his sins. He left home at the age of twenty-one to seek his fortune. After traveling through the West for six years he landed in Edmonton, Alberta, sixteen years ago and has been successful as a farmer ever since. When the Army opened its doors, Bro. McLeod could be seen in the hall listening to the Army lectures telling of a wonderful Saviour. Conviction smote his heart. He left that night to get saved. For some months he held back, however. Thirteen months ago he came to Jesus and found the Saviour could save even a Scotchman like himself. Three months ago he was appointed Director-Master Box Agent for the Army and by the way he is working we know he will be successful in his collection of money to carry on the work of God.

OLD TIME

In Copenhagen such an enlargement is made as to measure from men high it to situate

3 New Zealand last members, was placed at men and the

in Copenhagen, the sum in the Army remun.

the Haddington in high order, whole place in

at the free of the poorest Y Colonel Officer's Hotel War-monger

on the "Gat-
to the Black-
to scoff, and
the admiral" The interview

trades opened
time in San
a day. Cap-

THE Provinces.

Central Ont. Province.

Bracebridge District Jots.

WORD CAME for Captain Parker to farewell. So Wednesday night he and myself left for Gravenhurst, where Captain Young had come to have his family loaded at their waterworks station. We reached the barracks and found it shut and no lights or fire. Where Captain and Lieutenant were I could not tell. Some of our unsaved boys opened the door and soon got a fire on.

It was a dreadful night out, but 75 people came to meeting. I enrolled three soldiers. Left for home on the midnight train.

AT BRACEBRIDGE we are getting a few backsliders saved. We have just enrolled two Juniors and received one into the Senior roll. My, it has been cold late! Twenty-five below zero.

CAPT. LACEY AND WIFE are away at Parry Sound. They are having victory. Souls are getting saved.

CAPT. YOUNG AND LIEUT. ROWE, who have just gone to Huntsville, report souls the first week.

GEO. L. ARKETTE, D.O.

BRAMPTON.—During the last three weeks we have seen nine precious souls fall at the cross and surrenders. Among the number is one of our young dragoons in the town. Most of them are taking their stand as soldiers—James Ferguson, Capt.

WATERTON.—Our first Sunday's light in Waterton is over. Very full crowds. Comrades on fire. Prospects real bright. Ensign Green, with Brigade, will hold special revival meetings, commencing Thursday next. Capt. E. Hurlbut.

OWEN SOUND.—Sunday we had a beautiful day. Commenced at sunrise, and God crowned our efforts with four souls in the net. One Sunday night and two on Monday night; one while out visiting. His blood can make the whitest clean—Capt. Pollard, for Ensign Green.

OPEN LETTER
To the Officers and Soldiers of the Central Ontario Province.

My Dear Comrades—

Having received so many letters of love and sympathy from you, we take this method of thanking you from the depths of our hearts for the heartfelt expressions towards us at this time. Although we were soldiers for THIS WORLD'S SALVATION, yet we can assure you we feel the parting, as it was in this Province we were saved, fought six years as soldiers, and live as officers. We thank our dear leaders for giving us the privilege of going to another climate for the benefit of our health.

Again we heartily thank you all. May God abundantly bless you and give you greater victories. We can rely on us being true to the flag.

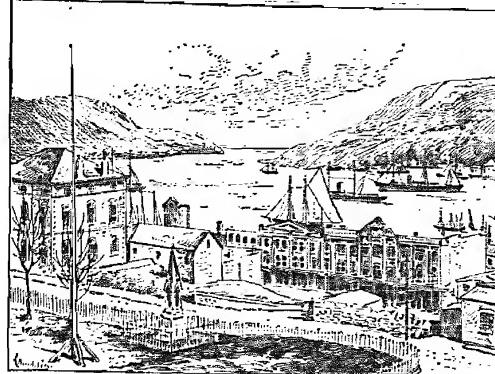
Affectionately yours,
ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE.

EAST ONT. PROVINCE.

PERTH.—Thank God, we are still holding our own and advancing a little. We have had another soul since last report. We have had a visit from Captain Sims, with the magic lantern. The people were delighted—P. B. B. Cade.

NAPANEE.—Just rained here, and things are going ahead. Yesterday, Saturday, we had a magnificent time. Afternoon a regular boiling over time. Night a powerful meeting, packed to the doors. We had one soul in the fountain, after which we had an Indian war dance. Three souls since coming here—Constance.

PETERBORO.—The war chest is still rolling along, glory to Jesus. God



A View of the Narrows and Harbor, St. John's, Newfoundland.

has blessed the meetings all week.

Victory has been ours. Sergt.-Major Evans has returned, as full of life as ever. God bless you, Sergt.-Major, glad to have you back again. We

got blessed in the holiness meeting, and at night we had three souls in

the fountain.—May Long.

WATERLOO, P. Q.—We are again able to report souls. One on Christmas day, and another on New Year's eve. May they prove faithful soldiers of the cross. Still our prayer is, more, more!—The two sisters.

MORRISBURG.—On the last Sunday of the old year a brother who for some time has been cold in his soul and neglected his duty, came back to the fold. Last Friday night three brothers came out and gave themselves to God. They are getting along nicely. On Sunday night we had another son. Mother Gillard gave us a gift. She said she used to dance for the devil and she thought she could dance for the Lord. We have Dan Herriman, (one of our Yankees comrades) with us whom God has done a lot for.—One who was

to the charge, and used up all the tactics they were capable of.

Our soldiers were at last seen advancing under the yellow, red and blue, and completely routed the enemy. Result, tree in the fountain. Great enthusiasm.

—In fact, this is a red letter day for the corps, as four stalwart recruits were enlisted with due solemnity at the afternoon meeting to fight the good fight.—Andrew Baxter.

MOOSOMIN, N. W. T.—Hello! I suppose you are all well. Well,

not quite yet. We have good victory during S.-D. Week. The devil of discouragement has been sick ever since. It is rumored that the S. A. is going to be driven out of town, but we are not very anxious about it. We enjoy the fight. Two souls last week.

—Cadets Hockin and Mercer.

GRAND FORKS, N.D.—We now have

a full hall nearly every night, and oh, how glad we are to see so many coming to the cross. Eight have been saved this week. We had Major Bennett with us from Saturday to Monday.—J. N. Tracy, Cadet, for Ensign Gale, D.O.

MORDEN, MAN.—Farewell orders

to hand, after spending exactly five months in Morden. Our figures have gone up, the roll increased, babies

multiplied. H. F. target gone

over, and S.-D. quadruped over last year. We've increased in spirituality.

My own experience is brighter,

my peace deeper, my duties heavier.

I don't know where I'm going, but one thing sure, God will be there.

Hallelujah!—Ensign Bob Smith.

—

TRENTON.—Capt. McKinnon and Lt. Ollie have just taken hold here. Crowds, finances, and interest increasing. Sunday we had with us Captains Milson, Tozell and Beckstead; meetings good. On Monday we were reinforced by Ensign Blackburn. The meeting was of a very original character. Everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. Evening afternoon a little council of war in the quarters, and at night a very profitable soldiers' meeting was conducted by him.—Beckie, for McKinnon and Ollie.

WESTERN PROVINCE.

WAHPETON, N.D.—One man got so

unpleasant on account of his sins he

saw he would not come any more to

the Army. He did, though, and got

gloriously saved, and so did his wife

a few nights after. Since last report

there have been five out for salvation.

Crowds, money, good, collections

are improving, and the people

are very favorably impressed.—Lieut.

H. Patch for Ensign Lee.

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things are going ahead. Yesterday,

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Afternoon a regular boiling over

time. Night a powerful meeting, packed

to the doors. We had one soul in

the fountain, after which we had an

Indian war dance. Three souls since

coming here—Constance.

PORT ARTHUR.—A great battle

was fought here on Sunday evening,

the 6th inst. For three long hours,

desperately was the fighting, and al-

though the "Black Angels" were re-

puised again and again, they returned

to the charge, and used up all the tactics they were capable of.

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—

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

VICTORIA, B.C.—Since last report five have sought salvation. The new year was welcomed in many different ways by our orderly fellow-citizens, but the best was a watch-meeting, led by Capt. Peter Clegg and Farnpatrick. A big go was to be organized for the near future. Major Friedrich is coming, bandanas and helmet officers are to be commissioners, the officers are coming in from all the corps of the division, and a wonderful time is expected.—Annie Reilly, S.C.

Not a "Hard Go."

MISSOURI, MONT.—Words of encouragement are continually being passed to our ears, and even the War Cry has Missouri down as a hard spot.

Christian eve found us on the street

extremely strong. The devil did not like it. The inside meeting was a success.

Many recruits were secured

on the outside, and there are

more on the way. Our railroad con-

tractors came at 1:30 p.m. we formed a circle

for a holiness meeting at the barracks,

where the Lord met with us in power.

Two saved, fossil Christ.

We were reinforced on

Monday, the 30th, by Capt. Sister

and our new bass drum. We saw the

Capt. board the train next day for Spokane. Our watch-service was a

time of re-commencement to God and His service. In the forenoon "raise out

and in" and in the evening, we went

and in silence prayed that God would

bring many warriors home. One precious soul was born into the kingdom. Fourteen of us had a grand New Year march at 1 a.m. Everyone seemed glad to see us. Even the bar-tenders were out on the sidewalk in their uniforms—Lieut. Scott, for Captain Corlett.

For North Dakota
ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE
ARE BOUND.

They Tell the Editor a Thing or Two.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE, both looking bright and happy, showed up at the War Cry office for a few brief words before boarding the train for Bismarck, 1,100 miles from their last appointment.

Adjutant and his wife came six years ago, after six years of soldiership. The Adjutant got an excellent training in corps affairs those six years. He took the deepest interest in the War as carried on in his corps (Bismarckville), "plunging his whole being," to use his own expressive sentence, into the fight, so that he was able to take charge of a corps straight away.

The Adjutant and his wife commenced three corps; then followed promotion to a District Officerhood, and finally the Adjutant became second man in the Central Ontario Prov-

ince.

REFERRING to his experiences in the Army, he had nothing to complain of with respect to any of those under whom he has served in the Lord, neither had he ever had to appeal to his D. O., or Headquarters, for a cent. "The War has kept us, and we have been happy, contented, satisfied, well clothed, and with plenty to eat."

From this phase of his career it will be seen that the Adjutant is a man of some sturdiness and energy of character.

HE AND MRS. AYRE left Toronto in excellent spirits. They have full faith in God, their Territorial leaders, and the Army, and are certain of victory. The Adjutant also is full of hope that the change of climate will free him from the chronic asthma with which he is affected.

THE ADJUTANT testifies to a spiritual experience almost without a cloud. Asked what he attributed the power to keep out of the dumps and conquer all the time, he replied, "Putting the kingdom first." While he did not wish to speak in praise of himself, yet he could bear witness to working for God and souls night and day, both as a soldier and an officer. His whole being was available in the work, so that it was a joy instead of being a burden or hindrance. Another reason for his happiness in his work was counting the cost before he took the step into officership. He did not just act without proper thought, as was the case when he prepared when hardness came. Hard times had come, too, for the Adjutant, besides the ordinary ups and downs of officership had sick spells and has lost his little boy since coming into the work.

BISMARCK, North Dakota, is to be the scene of his labors. It is now ground to the Army, and we may look for some big happenings soon. The Adjutant has already been told not to be afraid if he sees a crowd of cowboys in his audience armed with revolvers and bowie-knives. God bless Adjutant and Mrs. Ayre, and let the War Cry readers say "Amen!" C.



West with a bang—Booz Week.



A NEWFOUNDLAND VETERAN.

Part 35

OUR brave soldier did not always have easy fighting. His was not always as smooth as it was the spring he went "sealing" on the water of which his uncle was captain, and a good man.

Then he could "keep prayers" for the forecastle.

One year of his seven years' soldiership especially he had a very hard fight, though it was not the time to work. He shipped with a man who was not Christian, and whose crew were nearly all unconverted. They had sailed away northward to the fields on that sealing expedition, the success of which depends much upon whether they succeed in finding the seals quickly, and then whether they kill them rapidly—before others secure them.

It is a great test to the seafarers when they come upon the seals on Sunday, for the Salvation soldiers of Newfoundland, like some other Christians, consider it a violation of the fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," to do even this work on the Sabbath. It is continually at great loss that they follow the dictates of their conscience in this respect, for if the men refuse to work, sometimes the steamers are loaded by Sunday evening and they lose their share, in fact their season's work.

"WE STRUCK SEALS

on Saturday," said Uncle Ben, when describing his experience. "What Christmas day that was! On board asked me if I were going on the ice on Sunday? I said 'No' for I had made up my mind to that before I started."

"Captain called on all hands on Sunday morning to go for the seals. All unused went. About twelve refused. Captain came swearing and talking rough to the men. They were afraid and all went to work but two. I told him I was a-going to stay aboard. He said I should lose my share, and if I could prevent it I should not get another birth in Newfoundland. But I laid out him, and somehow they did not get the steamer filled that day."

The next day Uncle Ben and his two comrades "gaffed" more seals than any three who had desecrated the Lord's day.

He told service on board, but it was a rough fight, for while he was praying and speaking the men were swearing. They find no where to sleep but on deck, in the frost and cold. The hardships endured by these men, crowded as they are for two or three weeks, a hundred and fifty to three hundred men on the water, can be better imagined than described.

After the spring voyage to the ice each year, there was the Labrador summer's fishing.

Hundreds of our brave soldiers go away in June, and for months have no opportunity for meeting together, only on their vessels, and occasionally in isolated groups in the "stores" on the shores of Labrador.

From some of the out-harbors the whole family migrates for the season. They take necessary culture, cooking utensils, etc., and bring everything down to the car, and look up their little homes until they return in the fall.

Years ago it was no uncommon thing, while the schooner was being loaded with summer supplies of food, salt, etc., and the final duty performed, flag lowered, anchor weighed, and the last tiny boat hoisted, to hear oaths and cursing. Now, since the advent of the much-loved S. A., more often than is the song of victory and faith which accompanies all these preparations.

Uncle Ben magnifies the God Who kept him in the midst of ungodly crews. He says oftentimes when he could not get houses to "hold prayers" in on the Labradorian coast he has taken his stand in the open air. Sometimes the French Catholics would let him lead meetings in their houses. During his summer work he has often seen souls saved.

On one occasion he and his party were returning from Labrador. A fearful storm came up, and all were in DANGER OF BEING LOST.

The captain, in all his varied experiences of years, had never seen so terrible a gale.

"All right!" he grumbled gruffly, "it may be for you. So it would be for me if my soul was saved!"

Last summer was the most beautiful summer ever I spent in my life, because I was with a Salvation Captain. I never seen his equal. Every port we went into he had prayers.

"One place, three little harbors, they all gathered together for a meeting. There was only one saved man in all those places, and they had never seen a Salvationist.

"My! they enjoyed that meeting. They just went and waved their handkerchiefs and things when we saluted away!"

(To be continued.)

New Year Demonstrations
AT THE LONDON CITADEL

The Staff, Field, and Local Officers of the London, Shropshire, and Petrolia District began the New Year well by attending councils in London. The first meeting was a council for Staff, Field and Locals. About sixty met together, and listened with interest as Brigadier Wren went into the plans for furthering the S. A. work. The latter part of the afternoon was taken up with the War Cry Room.

—II—

"Salvation years have brightly passed,

Lord, let this be the best."

It was a highly-looking gathering that took up the grand and refrain so heartily at the conclusion of the New Year's demonstration in the "Citadel," London. Large numbers of Staff, Field and Local Officers from surrounding corps were present. Brigadier Margottet, in a short address, wished everyone a "Holy and happy New Year," then called for a solo from Adjutant Cowan, who sang, "Have faith in God." Mrs. Brigadier Margottet followed with an appropriate Bible reading, and in her decisive manner struck conviction home to every unsaved soul. The meeting throughout was deeply impressive.

SISTER SUNSHINE"

—II—

Thursday morning the officers were in their places at half-past nine. Brigadier gave us some interesting facts and figures in connection with S.-D. Some were even induced to get quite excited over it. After S.-D. was disposed of, the recent victories God has given the Commandant were brought up as an encouragement to us all.

Thursday afternoon was the last meeting of the series, and was set apart for a spiritual meeting among the officers, and surely God was with us. These three hours spent together that afternoon were only too quickly gone.

As we clasped hands around the council room and sang,

"To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,

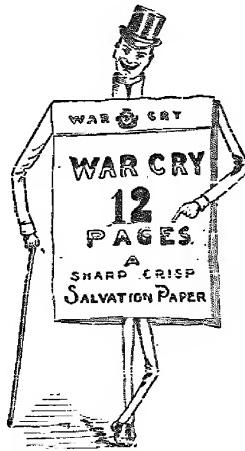
To share Thy cross, it is my choice,"

His presence came very near us, and we were able to return to our several stations feeling cheered and inspired, and determined to make 1896 the best year we have ever known.

A. H.

8,000 people gathered at the Congress Hall watch-night service. 31 souls knelt at the penitent-form, the majority bucklers and sliders.

The latest fashion in Puritan bonnets is the same as that worn by the Salvation Army ladies, with very broad strings tied under the chin. If the Paris ladies would copy some other things about Salvation Army ladies, society would not suffer!



PROMOTIONS

Lieut. Officer, of Beaufort, to be Captain Cadet Master, Holmes, to be Lieutenant Cadet Petty Officer, Yarmouth, to be Lieutenant, as appointed to Major's place.

APPOINTMENTS

STAFF CAPTAIN HARGRAVE, resting, to be Chief Assistant, General Ontario Province.

ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD, resting, to be R.A. Niagara District.

ADJUTANT ATREY, Chief Assistant, Cadet Ontario Province, to the Bremen, White Dove.

ADJUTANT MILLER, St. Catharines District, to White Circle Corps.

ADJUTANT MANTON, Special Work, to be Charge of General Merchandise Store, Newmarket.

ENSIGN BLACKBURN, of Oshawa Wood Works, to be D.O., Cobourg District.

ENSIGN ALIX MCLEAN, Hamilton District, to be D.O., Belleville District.

ENSIGN J. MCLEAN, Kingsville District, to the command of Temple Corps.

ENSIGN MOORE, resting, to be D.C. East District.

ENSIGN N. NAMARA, of the Balaclava Park, to be D.O., Fergie District.

ENSIGN STURGEON, of Fergie District, to Spec. Work, to be Cobourg District.

ENSIGN LORIN, of the Toronto Temple Corp., to be D.O., Hamilton District.

ENSIGN PHILIPPATRICK, of New Westminster, to be D.O.

Secretary H. Ross, Commissioner.

ARMY NOTICES

MAJOR WILLIAM F. recently took over ship and management of the "Francois Cry," has made his debut already. His Christian name, went with him, and the Major code, which he received by July 1st, did not change. Not only that, but the good profit for the Army of the corps had fine prospects. In response to a call from the office, the Major hopes to produce a complete history of Mrs. Booth at this time.

THE MAJOR AND HIS wife.

He had a Christian upbringing with great devotion to the Church method, which, while he was at school, was not always easy. He was a good boy, but, as it is sometimes hard to tell the truth for the possessors of the truth, he can testify.

The Major is passionately fond of music, and became a professional before he saw the Army Captain. He now has a

position in the army, and he could not be happier.

Before his fellow-boatsmen saved him, he was lost in the Army, went to sea, and was soon happy in the salvation.

This was at Birkenhead.

There was a very mean

toughs there, who frequently

SCRAPS

From the Sorter.



"Hi!"
"Action Inspiration!"
"Yes, I'll print it down for the War Cry!"
"Sort them."

—II—

Sorter is busy in printing. Sorter is in the saloon; sorters attend the sort. Sorter is in thy credit; sorters are in the sort. Sorter is in thy sort; sorters are in thy sort. Sorter is in thy quest; sorters are in thy quest. Sorter is in thy diet; sorters are in thy diet. Sorter above thy head; and sorters above thy head. Sorter in the kitchen; sorters in the kitchen.

—II—

TO THE PRAYER LEADER

"Please ask the prayers of God's children for the advancement of each one of who ever serve as leaders in your church; for the leaders in your church; for the leaders in thy church; for the leaders in thy quest; sorters are in thy quest. Sorter is in thy diet; sorters are in thy diet. Sorter above thy head; and sorters above thy head. Sorter in the kitchen; sorters in the kitchen.

—II—

MRS. HALPIN comes from England. She was so good she did not feel her till she listened to the stories of some soldiers at a

THOUSANDS

YOUR FELLOW-CREATURES
ARE DESTITUTE

or

Daily Food, Clothing, and Shelter.

God has blessed you with more than the common measure,

and expects YOU to Assist your less fortunate

Sisters and Brothers.

Do so, both for their sake and for your own.

Print this off, and send it to the people you know.

—II—

WALTER GRIFFITHS—Robert Blane, 100, 22

opened out through the City page, while the

newspaper.

—II—

JOHN J. HARRISON—You may be in

New York City. Aim at being a good work

with your heart.

—II—

R. P. MORAN—You have something good in

you, and when you do it, the public will

gladly use your contribution.

—II—

WALTER GRIFFITHS—Robert Blane, 100, 22

opened out through the City page, while the

newspaper.

—II—

G. J. HARRIS—Robert Blane, 100, 22

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New York City. Aim at being a good work

with your heart.

—II—



MOTIONS—
cut, Ottawa, to Beaufort, to be Captain.
Lieut. Stetler, Helena, to be Lieutenant.
det. Fortay, Yarmouth, to be Lieutenant, and
appointed to Special Work.

OINMENTS—

"APP-CAPTAIN HARGRAVES, resting, to be D.O., Coburg District, Central Ontario Province.

DUSTANT ARTHUR LTD, resting, to be D.O., Niagara District.

DUSTANT AYRE, Chief Assistant, Central Ontario Province.

DUSTANT MILLER, St. Catharines Dist., to Whitchurch Circle Corps.

DUSTANT MANTON, Special Work, to be in charge of General Merchandise Store, Trade Headquarters.

DUSTANT MCNAUL, of Guelphville District, to be D.O., Fergus District.

DUSTANT MCLEAN, Hamilton District, to be D.O., Welland District.

DUSTANT MCNAUL, of Ringwood District, in command of Temple Corps.

DUSTANT MOORE, resting, to be D.O., Rock District.

DUSTANT MCNAUL, of Guelphville District, to be D.O., Fergus District.

DUSTANT HUGHES, of York District, to Special Work, Central Ontario Province.

DUSTANT LOWRY, of the Toronto Temple Corps, to be D.O., Hamilton District.

DUSTANT FITZPATRICK, of New Westminster, to withdraw.

HAROLD E. BOOTH
Commissioner.

SCRAPS

From the Sorter.



Ha! An' dan inspiration! "I'm fit to be had!" I'll write it down for the War Cry! "true thing!"

Saint is busy in planting
in the soil of his life; the seed
is in his discords; smores in the dross;
in the high estate; smores in the base;
in the quiet; smores in the commotion;
in the calm; smores in the tempest;
in above thy head; and smores beneath;
in the sickness; smores in the stony.

—

TO THIS PRAYER LEADER,
Please ask the prayers of God's children to be
asked from him of one who once was poor
in His mercy may hear and help, for surely
the Sorter commands the drink slave reform
and every other, to the readers of the War
for prayer and help, as opportunity offers.

—

Mr. Baynton.—Your copy has hit
the War Cry. Aim at getting some more
of your next.

—

P. McLean.—You have something good to say
about the temperance cause to the public, therefore
I'd like you to contribute.

—

Mr. Scott.—"Hollings Black" here, will
it out through the War page, which is
so much thicker than the others.

—

Mr. Green.—You ought to think more about
what you say when you do it, then you will
have your heart to bring it and put it in
your subject, then write.

—

Mr. Green.—When you write, you will
not be able to get away with what you say
which is not absolutely necessary.

—

Mr. Green.—When you write, you will
not be able to get away with what you say
which is not absolutely necessary.

ARMY NOTABILITIES.

MAJOR WILLIAM HALPIN, who recently took over the editorship and management of the San Francisco Cry, had made a reputation already. His Chancery was small, at first, and the work was often such a mass that the Major could not fill the orders received by fully 8,000 copies. Not only that, but the Cry netted a good profit for the Army funds. One of the covers had a fine colored lithograph of Commander Ballington Booth. In response to a suggestion from this office, the Major states he hopes to produce a companion picture of Mrs. Booth at a later date.

THE MAJOR AND HIS WIFE are a fine couple.

He is a born Christian teacher, and was brought up with great care, according to the Church of England method, which, void of spiritual life as it sometimes has supplied for after days a splendid substratum of truth for the Holy Spirit's use in and through the possessors of it, as many can testify.

The Major is passionately fond of music, and became a proficient musician before he saw the Army or the Army Captain whose amateur corollaries he could not but ridicule; however, his fellow-handsome got saved, and he, finding his charms joining the Army, won that way too, and was soon happy in the knowledge of salvation.

This was at Birkenhead.

There was a very mean crowd of toughs there, who frequently mobbed



the Army. On one occasion the authorities had to read the riot act. In its environment, like six months soldiering, was spent.

He entered the British Training House '78, and got orders for U.S.A. after some unusual field work. His first camp on the continent was New York L (the "Hayloft"), then Augusta, Me.

MRS. HALPIN comes from Hartlepool, England. She was brought up so good she did not feel herself a sinner till she listened to the testimony of some soldiers at a S.A. open-air



meeting. Mrs. Halpin was one among 36 patients at the close of a meeting the General led in '77. It doth not appear whether Lot the France was transferred to the American field

THE WAR CRY.

11

NOT LEFT ALONE!

A CALIFORNIAN SONG.

1. Not left alone—how can it be,
With all these clouds around me?

Agitato con moto.
O blessed Jesus Christ! Then why this trou bling doubt and fear? The darkness
Lord, my soul now chills, Thy bane no
The darkness, Lord, my soul now chills, Thy bane no
2. O Lord am I then left alone?
With Thee not
O Lord am I then left alone?
CHORUS. of Allegro moderato.
Come to fill the gloom? Not left alone, it can not be.
Wilt Thou not come
My Saviour does surely walk with me: Where's I
go with him I know, I from all sin get which could be.
3. Not left alone—my Sailor bear
Ode to the glorious power:
Thy face reveal in this dark hour,
Dark is the path I'm treading now,
Rugged and bleak as Calvary's brow,
O Jesus, now hear thy right
And cheer me with Thy presence bright.

from the English in order to be near
Willie Halpin, but it is certain that
they married April 4, 1886.

TOGETHER they have fought for
God, as Captains at the Bowery, N.Y.,
Aubury Park, N.J., Taunton, Mass.,
Scranton, Pa., Then, promoted, they
went to assist in Northern Ohio Dis-
trict; there took charge of Southern
Ohio and Kentucky, and Central Illi-
nois and the North Pacific Districts
and Pennsylvania, annually, in October
'95, the editor of the San Fran-
cisco Cry, fell to their hands.

The Major may thank his affection
of the throat, which stopped his plain-
ing work, for procuring him his
present position; certainly he never
occupied a more important one. Suc-
cess still greater to him and his war-
rior wife.

I think there are some little Hal-
pins, but we will have the Young Sol-
dier to tell about them.

"The liquor traffic is a cancer in
society, eating out its vital and
threatening destruction, and all at-
tempts to regulate it will not only
prove abortive but will aggravate the
evil. No; there must be no more at-
tempts to regulate the cancer; it
must be eradicated. Not a root must
be left behind; for, until this is done,
all classes must continue in danger of
becoming victims of strong drink."

Abraham Lincoln.

TO THE LADIES!

UNDERVESTS—35cts., 50cts., 75cts.

GLOVES—15cts., 20cts., 30cts.

HOSE—20cts., 30cts., 50cts.

HANDS DOWN, and give our men
CAPS a chance at your ears—\$2.00,
\$2.25, \$4, \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, and
\$7.50.

We Don't Keep Tee!
WE SELL IT!

And a splendid lot it is too! You
can get it at 30cts., 40cts., or 50cts.
If you live in Toronto, drop Sergt.
Langford, S.A. Temple, a post card,
and he'll bring you a shy style you
want.

AS WARM AS WARM.

MENS' CARDIGAN JACKETS—A
genuine New Stock, extra heavy,
superior quality—all wool. Will let
them go to you at \$3.50, seeing you're
not a bad sort.

What is Your Motto?

Beautiful selection of mottoes now
in stock:

Shield (large) - - - - -	13c
Shield (small) - - - - -	10c
Scrolls - - - - -	15c
Floral - - - - -	10c
Fans - - - - -	15c
Three-fold Screens - - - - -	25c
"Christ is Lord," etc. - - - - -	25c
Bikes for To-day - - - - -	12c
General's Message (with photo). - - - - -	15c
Mrs. (Gen.) Booth's do. - - - - -	10c

They're Going Great!

We mean our HEAVY SERGES, at
\$12.00, \$13.00, and \$13.50.
Send along your order.

WANTED!

We would be glad if any Officer,
solider or friend can let us have
square copies for November and Decem-
ber "All the World."

Address, Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple,
P.O., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED AT ONCE!

Copies of the Canadian Cry for Dec.
9th, 1882, and Nov. 24th, 1884.

Should any reader have these to
spare we should esteem it a great
kindness if they could let us have
them.

The Salvation Army International Trade Headquarters.

All Classes of GOODS Bought and
Sold, Commissions undertaken; custom-
ers' interests carefully guarded;
world-wide facilities; can command
best prices. Quotations given for
freight, freight and duty paid to desti-
nation.

For particulars and price list write
Col. Ernest A. Bremer, 26, 100, 102
Chesterfield Rd., London, Eng.

N.B.—Missionary and private orders
executed and despatched to any part
of the world, duty and carriage paid
if desired.

THE YOUNG PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE SALVATION ARMY.

Editor, Albert Smith, Toronto, Canada, and
devoted to the spreading of
the glorious work of Salvation Army
in China, Newfoundland, and North-West America.

CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST
ADVICE AND INFORMATION FOR
MEMBERS AND FRIENDS.

THE WAR CRY
is published weekly, and
addressed to Officers and
soldiers. There is no more efficient way to
keep in touch with the Army than by reading
THE WAR CRY, which is circulated, not
only to members and friends of the Army,
but to an ever increasing number of
friends and sympathizers, upon the mission of
the Army. The Cry and the young conduct advice to
the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus
Christ, with all S.A. publications, by James R.
H. Scott, as the S.A. Printed Matter, at Alton
Street, London.

SALVATION SONGS.

FREE-AND-EASY DITTIES.

Tune—"Sweet Marie."

I am listening for thy voice,
Saviour dear,
I would make thy cross my choice,
Saviour dear,
While I consecrate to thee
All I have or hope to be,
Oh! I reveal thyself to me,
Saviour dear,
I would rest in thy embrace,
Saviour dear,
I would lose myself in thee,
Evermore thy captive be,
To be thine eternally,
Saviour dear.

Chorus.

Speak to me, tenderly,
Tenderly, speak to me,
With thy gentle, loving voice
Speak to me.
Saviour, hear me while I pray,
Comfort, strengthen me to-day,
Only speak and I'll obey,
Speak to me.

Thou art speaking now to me,
Saviour dear,
And thy voice I see,
Saviour dear,
Oh, what capture fills my soul,
As o'er me the billows roll,
I am every whit made whole,
Saviour dear.
Now I've power to do thy will,
Saviour dear,
Thou dost with thy presence fill,
Saviour dear,
I will bring the lost to thee,
Thou hast died to set them free,
Suffered death on Calvary,
Saviour dear.
—Captain Evans, Sacramento.

—
Tune—"The Maple Leaf forever."

2 Some years ago a blood-washed man,
Filled with power and liberty,
Went forth to preach to dying souls
The tale of Calvary.
God owned his work, and gave him
soul,
And blessed his brave endeavor,
To-day he waves the flag we love,—
The Army Flag forever!

Chorus.

The Army Flag is waving still,
We'll lower it never! never!
Till all the world is won, we'll wave
The Army Flag forever!

At times the clouds were thick and
dark,
And Satan with his forces came
And tried to shake its courage, but
He stood in Jesus' name; And God, whose help he sought each
hour,

Has failed him never, never,
So still he's fighting bravely 'neath
The Army Flag forever!

The war goes on and souls are won
By God's great host of blood-washed
men;
Who by His might shall put to flight
The power of death and sin.
And when in Heaven, around the
throne,
We'll raise our praises never,
That by God's grace we loved to sing
The Army Flag forever!

—Katie Allen, Kingston.

CLEAN-HEART SONGS.

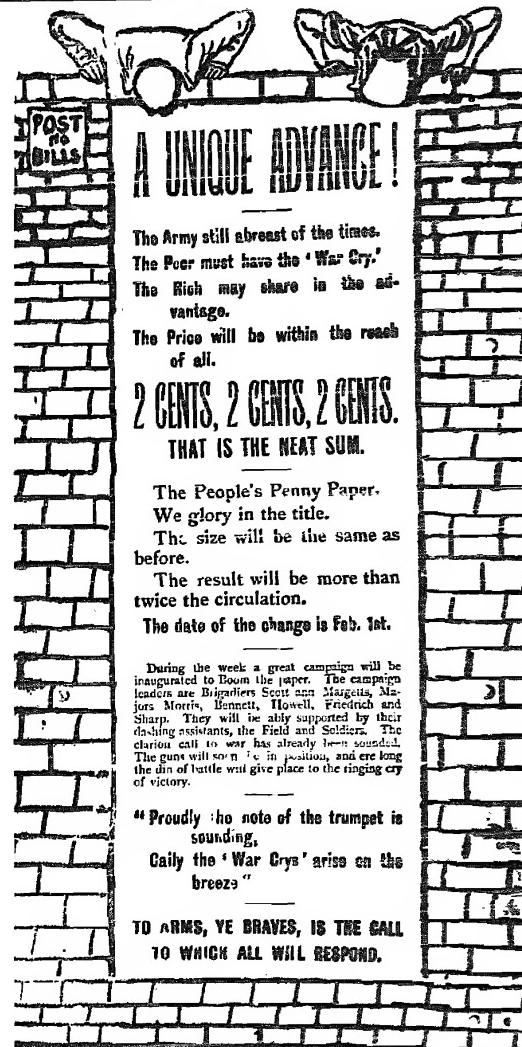
Tunes—"Anything for Jesus," B.B. 76;
or "Osward, Christian soldiers,"
B.B. 85

3 Jesus, loving Saviour, more of
Thee I need,
Hear me while I'm praying, for more
love I plead;
Love for precious dying souls who are
far in sin,
Jesus, come and fill me, help me souls
to win.

Chorus.

Anything for Jesus.

(A song that has been used much in
leading souls into a full salvation.)



The Army still abreast of the times.
The Peer must have the 'War Cry.'
The Rich may share in the ad-
vantage.
The Price will be within the reach
of all.

2 CENTS, 2 CENTS, 2 CENTS.
THAT IS THE NEAT SUM.

The People's Penny Paper.
We glory in the title.
The size will be the same as
before.
The result will be more than
twice the circulation.
The date of the change is Feb. 1st.

During the week a great campaign will be
inaugurated to boon the paper. The campaign
leaders are Buglers Scott and Margets, Ma-
jors Morris, Bennett, Howell, Friedrich and
Sharp. They will be ably supported by their
dashing assistants, the Field and Soldiers. The
clarion call to war has already been sounded.
The guns will soon be in position, and ere long
the din of battle will give place to the ringing cry
of victory.

4 Proudly the note of the trumpet is
sounding,
Cally the 'War Cry' arise on the
breeze."

TO ARMS, YE BRAVES, IS THE CALL
TO WHICH ALL WILL RESPOND.

Jesus, loving Saviour, fit me for the
light,
May I only live for Thee, walking in
the light;
Teach me, Lord, to trust Thee when
the way is dark,
Ever pressing onward to the heavenly
mark.

Only in thy service, Lord, I want to
be,
All my time and talents to be spent
for Thee;
Every need Thou wilt supply while I
trust in Thee.
Where I'll be most useful, there I
want to be.
—May Lang, Peterboro'.

Art thou willing to be holy,
Willing now to give up thy sin?
Willing to be used, if needed,
Willing to be caught at all?
Willing not to be exalted
Choosing rather to be low?
If so, tell me, and I'll cleanse thee
Whiter than the driven snow.

Art thou willing now to trust me,
Trust me 'tis the darkest hour,
Trust, when all seems set against
thee?

Ask, and I will give thee power.

With you trust where strength shall
fade?

Trust, when age and life how thy
frame?

For I've promised never to leave thee.

I am Jesus just the same.

—
FOR SINNERS ONLY.

Tunes—"Calcutta," B.J. 29; "Hark,
the voice of Jesus calling," B.J.
51, or "Gather me, oh, Thine great
Jehovah," B.J. 121.

5 Day of judgment! day of wonders!

Hark, the trumpet's awful

Louder than a thousand thunder,
Shakes the vast creation round,
How the summons will the sinners' heart confound!

See the Judge, our nature wrong,
Clothed in majesty Divine!
Ye who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "Thee God is near."
Gracious Saviour, own we in thy Name,
For thine!

At His call the dead awake,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Carcass silent, What will man be
come of this?

Tune—"Roll on, dark stream," R.J.
31, or "Oh Calvary," B.J. 26.

6 The great Archangel's trumpet
sound
While twice ten thousand thousand
roar,
Tear up the graves, and cleave the
ground,
And make the mighty sea retire.

Chorus.
"Roll on, dark stream," etc.

The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain receive,
Sowers shall lift their guilty load
And shrink to see a yawning grave.

But we, who now our Lord esteem,
And faithful to the end forever,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

A Newfoundland Officer and his Sergeant
Spent a fearful time between life and
death, but they were ready to die!

SCENE I.

Got word from the Ensign to us
at Little Bay on Thursday, so Sgt.
Major and I got a boat from Mr.
Lock and started. The wind was
blowing very hard, but we had a nice
time until we got to Hail's Bay Head.
The wind kept increasing, and by the
time it was blowing a hurricane we
had no ballast in our boat, so we
thought we would go into the Park
and get some. Before we got there
a small canoe oil the Head and upset
our boat.

SCENE II.

We got on her side. There was a
house not far away, but the people
did not see us. We made shore
but no one came to our help. It was
the same belonging to the last
wind drifting away. We thought if
we were to find some there, so we got
all we could get and tied them to the
boat. Then we got to work to get
the masts out of the boat. When
they came out the canoe upright, and
we managed to get into her.

SCENE III.

We got into her side. There was a
house not far away, but the people
did not see us. We made shore
but no one came to our help. It was
the same belonging to the last
wind drifting away. We thought if
we were to find some there, so we got
all we could get and tied them to the
boat. Then we got to work to get
the masts out of the boat. When
they came out the canoe upright, and
we managed to get into her.

SCENE IV.

Then we got out root in the gale.
We had to face a hard one, but we
had to get up and sit there and do
what we could. And I got up all right
but when the Sgt. Major was getting
up he looked down, and his feet
got stuck. He was just about to fall
when I let myself down a little bit
with one hand and lowered my feet.
The Sgt. Major caught it, and I
picked him up.

SCENE V.

We had to walk quite a way
we got to any houses. We got to Mrs.
Young's. They were very kind to us
but they could not understand us
so we got through Mr. Neal and then
walked to Little Bay and there
there that night. We got back to
Piley's Island about 2:00 A.M. Saturday
night, well in our boat and very tired.

February, M

W
AND OFFICE

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